

IDEAS.

"Commencement"—of life work.
"What shall the harvest be?"

"The world owes me a living"
That's so, but it will cost you considerable to collect it.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding."

Many a man who to-day is entitled to write L. L. D. at the end of his name is sure that he knows less now than he thought he did when he graduated.

TAKE NOTICE.

BEREA COLLEGE FALL TERM OPENS September 10.

Save this copy of THE CITIZEN. You will want to read Pres. Frost's sermon twice.

Rev. Dr. Burgess has returned from the North, and will fill his pulpit next Sunday at the Tabernacle.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The war in South Africa is ended, and peace between the British and Boers is officially proclaimed.

Boxers are active in the province of Szechwan, China. They have destroyed the Catholic and Protestant churches, and threatened to exterminate the foreigners.

Secret service officers arrested a young woman at Tsarskoe Selo, the summer residence of the Czar of Russia, recently, carrying an infernal machine concealed in a handkerchief.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

President Barrows, of Oberlin, is seriously ill from pneumonia. The crisis was expected Monday night.

About 85,000 immigrants came to the United States during the month of May, principally from Southern Europe and Russia.

A bust of President McKinley, costing \$20,000, was unveiled in the south corridor of the post-office building at Philadelphia, Pa., on Memorial Day.

Next Sunday is Flag Day in Illinois, and all public buildings and schoolhouses and many private residences will be decorated with the "Star Spangled Banner."

Last week a bill was passed in the House prohibiting the sale of intoxicants in all immigrant stations; also an amendment to the bill by Mr. Landis to prohibit the sale of intoxicants in the Capitol was adopted by a vote of 108 to 19.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

There are 92 teachers in Greenup county, and places for only 80.

Judge W. T. Kenton, of Mt. Olivet, Robertson county, is mentioned as a candidate for State Treasurer.

The smallpox quarantine order issued against Indiana by the Kentucky State Board of Health has been suspended until June 10.

The County Superintendent of Schools in Greenup county reports a decrease in the school census this year of 123, caused perhaps by the great exodus of families to Michigan.

A petition bearing the required number of names has been filed in the County Court of Garrard county, asking that a vote be taken in the Buckeye district as to the sale of liquor therein.

In 1856, so says Mr. Slaughter, of Danville, there was only one month in the year in which freezing weather did not occur in Boyle county. In June apples and peaches were frozen on the trees in Mr. Slaughter's orchard.

There is a revival in progress at the Methodist church in Flemingsburg, conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. S. Grinstead and Rev. J. B. Culpepper and his wife and two sons. A number of persons have publicly confessed Christ as their Saviour.

Leads Them All.

"One Minute Cough Cure beats all other medicines I ever tried for coughs, colds, croup and throat and lung troubles," says D. Scott Curin of Loganton, Pa. One Minute Cough Cure is the only absolutely safe cough remedy which acts immediately. Mothers everywhere testify to the good it has done their little ones. Croup is so sudden in its attacks that the doctor often arrives too late. It yields at once to One Minute Cough Cure. Pleasant to take. Children like it. Sure cure for grip, bronchitis, coughs, for sale by East End Drug Co.

On Baccalaureate Sunday, June 1, President Frost PREACHED to 40 GRADUATES.

"Freely Ye Have Received, Freely Give."

This is the last Sunday of our College year. It is the custom on this day that a sermon should be preached to the young people who are completing their courses of study. And the truth which is good for them will be good for us all.

The text is in Matthew x. 8. "Freely ye have received, freely give." The subject is receiving and giving, or gratitude and generosity.

The blindest idiot in the world is **Pride**. The proud man says, "I am all right. I owe nobody." He belongs to the company of those "who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others." He is so well satisfied with himself that he thinks nothing of improvement. In this way the proud man cuts himself off from fellowship with his neighbors, and from progress. So in the end pride is suicide. As the wise man tells us, "Pride goeth before destruction."

Over against pride are the noble sentiments with which men receive and give: humility and gratitude as we receive, generosity and benevolence as we give.

This text is in **Christ's baccalaureate sermon**. Peter and Matthew and the ten others had been with him two years. They were coming back later for a few months of post-graduate study, but now they were leaving his school and starting out on the first real work of their lives. Next to the sermon on the mount this is Christ's most notable discourse. He tells his followers that he has not come to send peace on earth, but a sword, and that they must expect trials and persecutions. But in the same sermon he tells them of God's care—"ye are of more value than many sparrows." And he holds up the great hereafter. "Whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

But the heart of Christ's whole sermon, the personal exhortation to their souls, lies in the six words of our text: "Freely ye have received, freely give." And that is an exhortation for all graduates, for all who have had advantages, in fact for all followers of Jesus. Let us take this message as addressed by the Lord to ourselves to-day.

Receiving comes first. Can we have the honesty to own that we have received freely? Can we be humble enough to say, "It is not of myself but by the grace of God I am what I am?"

Have we not received nearly everything that we are proud of? You are proud of your father and family, but you did not make them—you received them. You are proud of your complexion and features, but you did not make them—you received them. You are proud of your country, but you did not make that—you received it. How can one be justly proud of what he did not make or do? You are an American, a Kentuckian. Who is to be praised for that? Surely not you, but your great grandfather who first came to this country. You were born here without any act of your own, and all you have done has been to stay here! When we think of what we have received our hearts should be filled with gratitude and humility, and not with pride.

Think how much we have all freely received. We have received freedom. No tyrant can oppress us; no unjust judge can put us into prison. Our liberty is guarded by courts, and juries and armies. How did all these safeguards of liberty come to exist? It is a long, long story of those "who suffered for our sake." We honored last Friday the men who preserved these institutions and extended them to the Negro by their valor in the civil war. We all owe them something for our freedom.

And back of the civil war was the revolution. Washington and Wayne, and Marion and their men fought seven years, crossed ice-blocked streams, braved the dangers of treason and false accusation, that they might establish American institutions. And this was not for themselves alone, but for those who should come after them—their posterity. And we are their posterity.

History tells us how back of the revolution men studied and fought over the safeguards of liberty, constitutions, jury trials, and all that, in England for a thousand years. And before there was any England man set the brave example in Greece. For our boasted liberty we are debtors to ages gone.

And we are not only free—we are **prosperous**. And our prosperity is something we have received—we did not make it. Our neighbor Burdette in his mill can turn logs into planed boards, doing the day's work of 100 men in one hour. It is because in his machinery there is the skill, the ingenuity, the inventions of a thousand wise men. Our neighbor Branaman can place apples or bananas or oranges on our table any day in the year. He brings them from Florida, Cuba, California. If apples fail in Ohio he can bring them from Michigan or Vermont. All this is possible because Jas. Watt invented the steam engine, and a hundred other patient men have worked for years and years making perfect the locomotive. Take note: the steam engine is a public benefit—it is not for its inventor and makers alone. Every Kentucky boy who eats an orange has received something from the men who invented the locomotive that can bring fruit from Florida in two days.

So of our prosperity in other things. God in his providence enabled somebody to discover the process of vaccination, which has saved us all from smallpox this winter. And somebody else, by patient study, discovered the process of disinfection, which has driven the typhoid fever out of Berea.

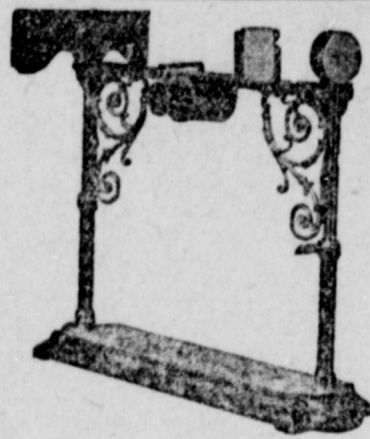
But health, wealth and freedom are not our greatest blessings. Above these we shall place our culture and our religion. Health, wealth and freedom are valuable unless they are used for these higher things.

By culture I mean those higher pleasures that lift man above the savage and the animal. Our fathers and mothers taught us to say, "If you please," and "Thank you," and gave us those good manners that lend grace and dignity to life. We have inherited the rich garland of songs and poems which call out the noblest feelings of the heart. How poor we should be if there were no music in the world, if the "Old Kentucky Home" should be forgotten, if the "Star Spangled Banner" had never been written! We are debtors to the men who made the printing-press, so that we may read the eloquence of Patrick Henry, the wisdom of Benjamin Franklin, and the history and inspiration of the past.

So, too, we are debtors to the heroic and self-sacrificing men who have founded and sustained the colleges and universities which have been the great source of both invention and culture. Culture, as another name for education, means a trained mind. How often we see a man of good intentions, and native force and capacity, unable to use his mind so as to decide an important question, or give the reason for his decision. The untrained mind is like the unbroken horse: powerful, beautiful, noble, but useless. Some men, like Lincoln, get training outside the schools; but training of mind a man must have before his mind will give him self-possession, wisdom, success. And whatever training we have we have received, came directly or indirectly from schools founded by others for our benefit. And in many most important matters we are indebted to the trained minds of other men for safe guidance.

Take Berea College, which is for us a chief source of culture. Countless homes are brighter to-day, a thousand churches are stronger; we sit here surrounded by much of comfort and refinement—why? It is because fifty years ago, in spite of mobs and violence, John G. Fee devoted his life to helping those who were most helpless. It is because John A. Rogers had the same heroic spirit as his great ancestor who was burned as a martyr at the stake. It is because John Hanson was willing to have his property destroyed, and to be hunted like a partridge through the mountains, rather

(Continued on Page 2.)



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.. IN OXFORDS ..

Sermon to 40 Graduates.

(Continued from Page 1.)

than give up his principles or sacrifice the interests of the newly-born College. It is because a long line of teachers and a great throng of donors have entered into the labors of the pioneers and continued their spirit down to the present hour. Only yesterday I received a letter from a minister eighty-four years old, who had heard of the burning of our Chapel, and who out of the poverty of his declining years sent more than eight hundred miles one dollar to help on Berea College. Such gifts make all our properties a sacred trust. The forty young people who graduate this week have received freely from the great throng of teachers and donors who have served and upheld the work of this College from the beginning to the present hour. And not the students only, but every inhabitant of this region has been benefitted in mind, body and estate by the supporters of this Institution.

And what have we received in the highest sphere of all—religion? Religion—the forgiveness of sins, the knowledge of God, and the life eternal—this we have not made of ourselves, it is the blood-bought gift of Heaven. Have we not received even more than the apostles received? They saw the face of Jesus Christ, but did they know more of his real revelation than we? They did not know what we now know of the unfolding of his church among men. We know the story of his birth, his miracles, his ministry, his teaching, and his death. And through him we know the Father, even the invisible and eternal God. "Now are we the children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

We are not poor, my friends, with such possessions as these. With humble, joyful gratitude we assent when Jesus says to us, "Freely ye have received." Yea, Lord, we have received freely.

But just here some one says, "None of these things are ours unless we work for them. Men have invented, as you say, the locomotive, but we cannot ride unless we pay the fare. So we cannot enjoy music without study, or religion itself without self-denial." Now all this is true. But we ought to be grateful for the chance to ride on the cars when we do pay the fare, and to have the benefits of music by study, and religion by self-denial. We can pay the price and be a thousand times grateful besides.

Have you heard the quaint story of the man who would not work? The neighbors refused to feed him, and he requested that they would place him in a box, take him to the graveyard, and give him a comfortable burial. But as the wagon neared the cemetery a soft-hearted man met them with a load of corn. "I will not allow this man to be buried alive," he said. "He may have this corn, and it will last him for at least six months." The man who would not work spoke up from his box-coffin and asked, "Is the corn shelled?"

The corn that God gives us is not shelled, nor ground, nor cooked, nor forced into our mouths, and for this reason many of us are starving—many of us are already on the way to the burying-ground.

But when we do our part "all things are ours." I speak of temporal things, because they show spiritual things. If any man will study Agriculture, notice how plants grow, and read what other men have found out, and then put on his overalls and go to work, and sweat a bit, he can perform miracles—he can turn dirt into dollars! And if any man will make his heart pure, the great and good of all past ages will be upon him, and "he shall see God." "Freely ye have received." We live in a friendly world. "They that be for us are more than they that be against us."

Behold the great procession of those whom God has sent to help us—the procession of our benefactors. There is the example of Noah, and Joseph, and Daniel. There are the great inventors who have given us the advantages of machinery and medicine. There are the lawgivers and statesmen—Justinian, Cromwell, Jefferson, Lincoln. There are the reformers in church and state: Augustine who planted Christianity in England, Luther who gave us back the Bible. There are the inspired voices of the poets and preachers—Plato, Chrysostom, Milton, Wesley, Moody. These are the greater lights. They are like the fixed stars that guide ships and fleets across the ocean. And besides these, there are a multitude of lesser lights no less precious. In a dark night the north star so far above

us tells us which way to go, but it is the little lantern in our hand that keeps our feet from stumbling. So the great geniuses point for us the general direction, while others close about us—mother, teacher, pastor, friend—help us take each step securely. What a fellowship of helpfulness! What a momentum of marching feet toward heaven!

And now we pass to the other part of our text:

"Freely give."

Christ asks you and me to take our places in this glorious procession of the benefactors of mankind. Some of us may be as the fixed stars that shine afar, and others only as the humble lantern, but we are each to be a part of God's great procession, and to shine with him.

And it is this that completes our fellowship with God and his great helpers. All men have dealings with God, and receive favors at his hands, but it is only the obedient and the consecrated ones that have fellowship with him. A miserable vagabond may say, "I had something to do with General Grant; he once gave me a dollar." But this is very different from the soldier who can say, "I had something to do with General Grant; I fought with him to save the Union." So we, my friends, not only touch God and his saints by receiving benefits at their hands, but we become as one of them by doing what they do—giving to others.

I wish to make the matter very plain, how we who have received so freely may also be givers. Let us look at the needs of the world, and see what we may give to meet those needs. And to begin with, do we all understand that everything we do which makes those around us better off is pleasing to God? In this very sermon Christ tells us that he that gives so much as a drink of water shall not lose his reward. In this very verse he speaks of ministering to men's bodies as well as to their souls for he tells His disciples to "heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils." This does not refer only to the working of miracles. These things are types and emblems of what we all may do.

"Heal the sick." We live in a world of misery. The majority of our fellow beings live in one-room houses; live without knowing how to care for themselves, and die before their time. We are to minister at the bedside of suffering, but we are also to do all we can to prevent the causes of suffering, to remove the things that cause disease and the things that cause heartache.

Not long since a woman stood at my door with a babe in her arms. There was disease in her blood, disgrace behind her and misery ahead of her. And I could scarce help her—it was too late. To have helped that woman I should have had to begin with her mother. Her mother married at thirteen, before she had saved up any property, or even learned how to care for children. When we educate the mothers we shall have done a great deal towards saving their children from beggary and shame.

"Raise the Dead." Christ raised only three or four dead bodies, but the Bible tells us much of those who are so indifferent to their duties and their privileges as children of God that they are "dead in trespasses and sins." A student who does not care whether he does well in his studies or not is dead. A man who does not respond when invited to help raise a neighbor's house is dead. A man who hears the gospel and does not care is dead. And it is all but a miracle to bring such people to life. But it can be done, and it is a wonderful thing when they do begin to breathe and open their eyes!

It is like the case of Eric Ericson when he first found out what music could be. In boyhood he had known Ole Bull, the great violinist, but he had never found time to listen to music. So Ole Bull came into his shop and asked him to mend the bridge of his violin. That was something mechanical, and Ericson was interested. When the instrument was mended Ole Bull had to test it there in the shop. He adjusted the violin, drew his bow across it, and played as only he could play. And for the first time in his life Ericson listened; he was raised as from the dead to the power of music; the tears flowed down his cheek. "Man," he said, "I never knew there was anything in the world like that." That is the way a person feels when he is raised from the dead in conversion.

"Cleanse the Lepers." Can we believe that this is possible? The leper is the defiled sinner. His guilt is like pitch that cannot be removed from your hand without taking the

flesh with it. His thoughts are vile, and he cannot wash his mind. Now can we think of such a man and still believe in the forgiveness of sins? But how glorious it is when we see this miracle performed, and John B. Gough or Mr. Woolley raised from the gutter and changed into new, clean men.

"Cast out Devils." This is the work of reform. We have seen the devil of slavery cast out. We have seen the devil of intemperance cast out, though he sometimes comes back again. And there is the devil of gambling, and the devil of fashion, and the devil of sectarianism, and the devil of profanity, and the devil of prejudice, and the devil of caste and race-pretense, and the devil monopoly, and the devil of war. It is going to be good athletic work to cast these all out, but that is what God has given us youth and fire and courage for.

Let us then give to all we meet first of all encouragement. Many a boy will undertake a good enterprise if somebody tells him "you can."

And then let us give instruction and guidance. A large part of the evil of the world exists through ignorance. And people are not to be blamed for not knowing what no one has told them! One kind of ignorance is simply not knowing how to do things in the best way, so that the seam unravels after it has been sewed, and the chimney falls down after it has been built. Another kind of ignorance is the narrow-minded ideas of life that enslave so many. Thousands of people actually remain poor because they believe that God intended they should be poor! Tell such people that God is opposed to poverty. It is the devil who loves rags, and dirt, and food badly cooked, and laziness. And there are others who think it is a disgrace to work, or a disgrace to work out for wages, or a disgrace to do certain kinds of work, and so they sit idle, and bring up their children so that they must beg or steal.

Let us give the gospel, which is both encouragement and instruction. Do you know, I believe very many people have never really heard the gospel. They do not attend church often, and do not listen, and we ministers preach a great deal besides the gospel. But every man is thirsting for the gospel. He does not know what is the matter with him, but it is really his thirst for the love and fellowship of God. Now can you, will you, so learn the gospel that you can tell it to others? It is a blessed thing to give drink to the thirsty.

My young friends of the graduating classes:

This is not yet the time for farewells—we shall say good-by on Commencement Day. But this is your last lesson in Berea College. We hope it is a lesson already well learned through the precept and example of all your teachers.

We have sent out no previous group of students with quite as much confidence and expectation as we feel this year. We have been able to do more for you, and you have faithfully responded. And it is gratifying to see you equipped for such varied forms of service. If we could send all these classes to some island in the Philippines you could give them all the elements of civilization—Agriculture, Carpentry, Household Duties, Care of the Sick, Schools and Churches. And in our own land there is need enough of laborers in all these lines.

We send you forth, as Christ sent His graduates, knowing that if you are faithful you will often encounter ridicule, opposition and persecution. But God's providence will guard you, and his rewards will greet you, here and hereafter. For your own highest good, and for the sake of the world's needs, we give you this as our last and most important motto, and watchword, and exhortation: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

A Real Friend.

"I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for fifteen years," says W. T. Sturdevant of Merry Oaks, N. C. "After I had tried many doctors and medicines to no avail one of my friends persuaded me to try Kodol. It gave immediate relief, I can eat almost anything I want now and my digestion is good. I cheerfully recommend Kodol." Don't try to cure stomach trouble by dieting. That only further weakens the system. You need wholesome, strengthening food. Kodol enables you to assimilate what you eat by digesting it without the stomach's aid. For sale by East End Drug Co.

THE HOME.

FORGETTING TO THANK MOTHER.

Of course you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say "Thank you" when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say "Thank you" when somebody passes them the bread at dinner or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindness without saying a word.

"Where are my gloves?" cries Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning. "Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!"

"Here they are, Jack," mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "I put them away for you when you left them lying about."

And perhaps Jack says "Oh!" and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you" for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want mother will give them, if she possibly can. So she will, but her unselfishness is no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say "Thank you" whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—Great Thoughts.

Ready To Yield.

"I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for piles and found it a certain cure," says S. R. Meredith, Willow Grove, Del. Operations unnecessary to cure piles. They always yield to DeWitt's Hazel Salve. Cures skin diseases, all kinds of wounds. Accept no counterfeits. For sale by East End Drug Co.

IT DAZZLES THE WORLD.

No Discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by all druggists who guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

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Read It In His Newspaper.

George Schaub, a well known German citizen of New Lebanon, Ohio, is a constant reader of the Dayton Volkszeitung. He knows that this paper aims to advertise only the best in its columns, and when he saw Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised therein for lame back, he did not hesitate in buying a bottle of it for his wife, who for eight weeks had suffered with the most terrible pains in her back and could get no relief. He says: "After using the Pain Balm for a few days my wife said to me, 'I feel as though born anew,' and before using the entire contents of the bottle the unbearable pains had entirely vanished and she could again take up her household duties." He is very thankful and hopes that all suffering likewise will hear of her wonderful recovery. This valuable liniment is for sale by S. E. WELCH, JR.

THE SCHOOL.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Does It Effect a Change For The Better?

The following lists are instructive, showing the difference in the amount of illiteracy in those States having compulsory attendance laws and those not having such laws. The figures show the per cent of illiteracy among the white population. It should be remembered that these figures show the per cent only of the population over ten years old unable to read and write. There is no way of estimating the vast difference in the real quantity of education, but it is much greater; for where nearly all can read and write and the laws compel attendance four or five months annually for six or eight years, the statistics for a higher grade of education would show a still greater advantage than the statistics taken on the basis of mere inability to read and write. It should also be remembered that in some of these States the laws had been in force only a few years before the taking of the census on which the figures are based.

Some of the States having compulsory attendance laws are Maine, 2.5; New Hampshire, 1.5; Vermont, 3.5; Massachusetts, 0.8; Rhode Island, 2.3; Connecticut, 1; New York, 1.8; New Jersey, 2.7; Pennsylvania, 3.5; District of Columbia, 1.7; Ohio, 3.5; Indiana, 5.3; Illinois, 3.1; Michigan, 2.5; Wisconsin, 2.1; Minnesota, 1.4; Iowa, 1.4; North Dakota, 1.8; South Dakota, 1.2; Nebraska, 1.3; Kansas, 2; Montana, 1.6; Wyoming, 7.3; Colorado, 3.8; Utah, 2.3; Nevada, 0.8; Idaho, 3.8; Washington, 1.3; Oregon, 1.8; California, 1.7.

Some of the States not having a compulsory education law are North Carolina, 23; South Carolina, 18.1; Alabama, 18.4; Virginia, 14; Georgia, 16.5; Louisiana, 20.3; Arkansas, 16.6; Tennessee, 18; Texas, 8.3; Mississippi, 11.9; Maryland, 5.9; Florida, 11.3.

Trained teachers, learned in the sciences and arts, good houses, and more money to pay the teachers are three great needs of our schools, says the *Tennessee Weekly Crescent*.

Education is not attainment but opportunity. It is not a panacea but rather an endowment for service.—*Presbyterian Standard*.

HOW TO AVOID TROUBLE.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by S. E. WELCH, JR.

THE FARM.

The farmer who desires to make his farm pay should not use too much land, but rather endeavor to secure larger crops. It has been feared by some that the world's supply of wheat would be at some time less than the demand, and the fact is that but for the introduction of the harvesting machines the area in wheat would be much less, but it is known that the yield of wheat in this country is very low considering the area cultivated, being less than fourteen bushels per acre as the average. As the yields in Europe are four times as much per acre, and even more in some countries, it is evident that our farmers are devoting their time and labor to four or five acres that should be given only on one acre, and that in cultivating a larger area of land in order to secure the yield that could be obtained from a smaller field they are increasing the cost of production and correspondingly reducing the profits thereon, as too much land is sometimes expensive in labor and manure.

There is much yet for the farmers to learn in the management of their farms. In Europe the intensive system is the rule, but in this country it is difficult to even attract the attention of farmers in that direction; though, as the population increases and the public land is taken up, farmers will be compelled to increase their average yields of crops, not only in order to reduce the cost of production, but also that they may compete with those who are more enterprising. The strongest competitor of a farmer is not the grain grower of some other country, but his neighbor. If the neighbor can make his land average ten bushels more per acre than he, then the neighbor can, if he preferred, sell at a lower price and thus reduce the value of the article in his community. The evidence is conclusive that where the intensive system is practiced the profits are larger, as gardeners near the large cities make small farms pay profits that are really surprising to those who are content to adhere to the systems that have been in vogue for years. There are yet splendid opportunities on farms for those who are willing to devote time and labor to increasing the yield of crops rather than in cultivating large areas and securing but little more than the cost of production.

A few melon vines can be made to do good service if the soil is light and sandy. Dig out a place three feet square and two feet deep for each plant, and fill one-half full of well-decomposed horse manure, using rich earth on top. Plant the seeds after May comes in, and when the plants are up apply a tablespoonful of nitrate of soda (saltpeter) around each plant.—*Selected*.

RIPANS

For years I had been a sufferer with chronic stomach trouble, pressure of gas and distress of my bowels. I contracted what the doctors pronounced a low type of malaria. I could not take solid food at all, and only a very little of the lightest diet would create fever and vomiting. The druggist sent me a box of Ripans Tablets, saying he sold more Ripans than anything else for stomach trouble. I not only found relief, but I have been permanently cured.

AT DRUGGISTS.

The five cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, sixty cents, contains a supply for a year.

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We are here to help all who will help themselves toward a Christian education. Our instruction is a free gift. Students pay a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction, and must also pay for board in advance. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24.00, about \$14 to be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

For information and friendly advice address the Secretary,

WILL C. GAMBLE, - Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 8.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xv, 22-33. Memory Verses, 30-32—Golden Text, Gal. v, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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22. Then pleased it the apostles and elders, with the whole church, to send chosen men of their own company to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas.

Paul and Barnabas, having returned to Antioch after their first missionary tour, continued there a long time with the disciples, teaching the word (xiv, 28). While there teachers came from Judaea, who said that the gentiles could not be saved by faith in Christ unless they were also circumcised. There was so much dissension and dispute about it that the church at Antioch sent Paul and Barnabas and others to Jerusalem to the apostles and elders to lay the matter before them. The council, having heard the whole story and discussed it, came to a decision which they now send to Antioch with these brethren.

23, 24. Forasmuch as we have heard that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls.

Behold the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Spirit in this greeting from the believing Jews at Jerusalem, the apostles, the rulers in the church, to the gentle believers, the uncircumcised at Antioch. Notice that the Jewish brethren send greeting unto the gentile brethren. They are all brethren in Christ and acknowledge it.

25, 26. Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Thus honorably do they mention "our beloved Barnabas and Paul" because of their sufferings for Christ's sake, some of which were mentioned in last lesson, but for a fuller list of Paul's sufferings see II Cor. xi, 23-28. And yet hear Paul say, "None of these things move me," and "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," and "our light affliction which is but for a moment," etc. (Acts xx, 24; Rom. viii, 18; II Cor. iv, 17), because he believed God.

27, 28. It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.

Observe the partnership of the Holy Spirit and the church and compare chapter xiii, 2. Every one who receives Jesus Christ receives also the Holy Spirit, and the body becomes His temple, every whit of which He jealously desireth for the glory of God (I Cor. vi, 19, 20; Jas. iv, 5, R. V., margin). The Lord Jesus said to His apostles when He sent them forth, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" (Matt. x, 20). See also Acts v, 32; xvi, 6, 7.

29. Abstain from meats offered to idols and from blood and from things strangled and from fornication, from which if ye keep yourselves ye shall do well. Fare ye well.

These the council considered necessary things, but did not say necessary for salvation, rather necessary as an evidence of salvation. There is no salvation by works revealed in the word of God, but only salvation by the great and finished work of the Lord Jesus, which the sinner must receive as God's free gift, purchased for him by the precious blood of Christ (Acts iv, 12; xiii, 38, 39; Rom. iv, 5; v, 1; Eph. ii, 8, 9; Tit. iii, 5, 6; but being saved by faith in Christ—that is, by accepting Christ, receiving Him (John i, 12; I John v, 11, 12)—then the good works are necessary as an evidence to men that we are new creatures in Christ (Eph. ii, 10; Tit. iii, 8; Matt. v, 16; Gal. vi, 15). The believer is expected to be an epistle known and read of all men to the glory of God (II Cor. iii, 2, 3). There is nothing burdensome in the service of Christ. His commandments are not grievous. His yoke is easy, and His burden is light (I John v, 3; Matt. xi, 30).

30, 31. They delivered the epistle which when they had read, they rejoiced for the consolation.

These were words of comfort instead of the words which had troubled them (verse 24). The Holy Spirit is a Comforter, and when He speaks He brings comfort to the people of God. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." "O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift up thy voice without fear. Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God" (Isa. xl, 1, 9, margin). All God's thoughts to His people are thoughts of peace, and He does not want His obedient people troubled or sad. His words are intended to make us glad and give us peace (Jer. xxix, 11; John xiv, 1, 27; Ps. lxxxv, 8).

32. Judas and Silas, being prophets also themselves, exhorted the brethren with many words and confirmed them.

A true prophet is one who is a spokesman for God. Compare Ex. vii, 1, and iv, 16. God is the Father of Mercies and the God of all comfort, and He comforts us in all our tribulation, that we may comfort others in their troubles by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God (II Cor. i, 3, 4).

33. And after they had tarried there a space they were let go in peace from the brethren unto the apostles.

It is our privilege to live in peace, the peace of God; to come and go in peace; to have peace always by all means, even perfect peace (Phil. iv, 6, 7; I Thess. iii, 16; Isa. xxi, 3). Our God and Father is the God of peace, the Lord Jesus is the Prince of Peace, and if we are not enjoying the peace of God it must be because we are not in fellowship or in some sense unbelieving, for the God of hope loves to fill His children with all joy and peace in believing (Rom. xv, 13).

WHITE MAN TURNED YELLOW.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by all drug-stores.



Again Mr. Craig wandered on through his changing chords till again he came to familiar ground, and the voice began in low, thrilling tones Bernard's great song of home, "Jerusalem, the Golden."

Every word, with all its weight of meaning, came winging to our souls till we found ourselves gazing afar into those stately halls of Zion, with their daylight serene and their jubilant throngs. When the singer came to the last verse, there was a pause. Again Mr. Craig softly played the interlude, but still there was no voice. I looked up. She was very white, and her eyes were glowing with their deep light. Mr. Craig looked quickly about, saw her, stopped and half rose, as if to go to her, when, in a voice that seemed to come from a faroff land, she went on:

"Oh, sweet and blessed country!"

The longing, the yearning, in the second "Oh" were indescribable. Again and again she held that word and then dropped down with the cadence in the music my heart ached for I knew not what.

The audience were sitting as in a trance. The grimy faces of the miners, for they never get quite white, were furrowed with the tear courses. Shaw by this time had his face, too, lifted high, his eyes gazing far above the singer's head, and I knew by the rapture in his face that he was seeing, as she saw, the thronging, stately halls and the white-robed conquerors. He felt and was still feeling all the stress of the fight, and to him the vision of the conquerors in their glory was soul drawing and soul stirring. And Nixon, too—he had his vision, but what he saw was the face of the singer with the shining eyes, and, by the look of him, that was vision enough.

Immediately after her last note Mrs. Mavor stretched out her hands to her little girl, who was sitting on my knee, caught her up and, holding her close to her breast, walked quickly behind the curtain. Not a sound followed the singing. No one moved till she had disappeared, and then Mr. Craig came to the front and, motioning to me to follow Mrs. Mavor, began in a low, distinct voice:

"Gentlemen, it was not easy for Mrs. Mavor to sing for us, and you know she sang because she is a miner's wife and her heart is with the miners. But she sang, too, because her heart is his who came to earth this day so many years ago to save us all, and she would make you love him, too, for in loving him you are saved from all base loves, and you know what I mean."

"And before we say good night, men, I want to know if the time is not come when all of you who mean to be better than you are should join in putting from us this thing that has brought sorrow and shame to us and to those we love? You know what I mean. Some of you are strong. Will you stand by and see weaker men robbed of the money they have for those far away and robbed of the manhood that no money can buy or restore?"

"Will the strong men help? Shall we join hands in this? What do you say? In this town we have often seen hell, and just a moment ago we were all looking into heaven, 'the sweet and blessed country.' Oh, men," and his voice rang in an agony through the building—"oh, men, which shall be ours? For heaven's dear sake, let us help one another! Who will?"

I was looking out through a slit in the curtain. The men, already wrought to intense feeling by the music, were listening with set faces and gleaming eyes, and as at the appeal "Who will?" Craig raised high his hand Shaw, Nixon and a hundred men sprang to their feet and held high their hands.

I have witnessed some thrilling scenes in my life, but never anything to equal that, the one man on the platform standing at full height, with his hand thrown up to heaven, and the hundred men below standing straight, with arms up at full length, silent and almost motionless.

For a moment Craig held them so, and again his voice rang out, louder, sterner than before:

"All who mean it say, 'By God's help, I will!'"

And back from a hundred throats came deep and strong the words, "By God's help, I will!"

At this point Mrs. Mavor, whom I had quite forgotten, put her hand on my arm. "Go and tell him," she said.

ed, "I want them to come on Thursday night, as they used to in the other days—go—quick!" And she almost pushed me out. I gave Craig her message. He held up his hand for silence.

"Mrs. Mavor wishes me to say that she will be glad to see you all, as in the old days, on Thursday evening, and I can think of no better place to give formal expression to our pledge of this night."

There was a shout of acceptance, and then, at some one's call, the long pent-up feelings of the crowd found vent in three mighty cheers for Mrs. Mavor. "Now for our old hymn," called out Mr. Craig, "and Mrs. Mavor will lead us."

He sat down at the organ, played a few bars of "The Sweet By and By," and then Mrs. Mavor began. But not a soul joined till the refrain was reached, and then they sang as only men with their hearts on fire can sing. But after the last refrain Mr. Craig made a sign to Mrs. Mavor, and she sang alone, slowly and softly and with eyes looking far away:

"In the sweet by and by"

We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

There was no benediction—there seemed no need—and the men went quietly out. But over and over again the voice kept singing in my ears and in my heart, "We shall meet on that beautiful shore." And after the sleigh loads of men had gone and left the street empty, as I stood with Craig in the radiant moonlight that made the great mow aim about come near us, from Sandy's sleigh we heard in the distance Baptiste's French-English song, but the song that floated down with the sound of the bells from the miners' sleigh was:

"We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

"Poor old Shaw!" said Craig softly.

When the last sound had died away, I turned to him and said:

"You have won your fight."

"We have won our fight. I was beaten," he replied quickly, offering me his hand. Then, taking off his cap and looking up beyond the mountain tops and the silent stars, he added softly, "Our fight, but his victory."

And, thinking it all over, I could not say but perhaps he was right.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. MAVOR'S STORY.

THE days that followed the Black Rock Christmas were anxious days and weary, but not for the brightest of my life would I change them now, for, as after the burning heat or rocking storm the dying day lies beautiful in the tender glow of the evening, so these days have lost their weariness and lie bathed in a misty glory. The years that bring us many ills and that pass so stormfully over us bear away with them the ugliness, the weariness, the pain, that are theirs, but the beauty, the sweetness, the rest, they leave untouched, for these are eternal. As the mountains, that near at hand stand jagged and scarred, in the far distance repose in their soft robes of purple haze, so the rough present fades into the past, soft and sweet and beautiful.

I have set myself to recall the pain and anxiety of those days and nights when we waited in fear for the turn of the fever, but I can only think of the patience and gentleness and courage of her who stood beside me, bearing more than half my burden. And, while I can see the face of Leslie Graeme, ghastly or flushed, and hear his low moaning or the broken words of his delirium, I think chiefly of the bright face bending over him and of the cool, firm, swift moving hands that soothed and smoothed and rested, and the voice, like the soft song of a bird in the twilight, that never failed to bring peace.

Mrs. Mavor and I were much together during those days. I made my home in Mr. Craig's shack, but most of my time was spent beside my friend. We did not see much of Craig, for he was heart deep with the miners, laying plans for the making of the league the following Thursday, and, though he shared our anxiety and was ever ready to relieve us, his thought and his talk had mostly to do with the league.

Mrs. Mavor's evenings were given to the miners, but her afternoons mostly to Graeme and to me, and then it was I saw another side of her character. We would sit in her little dining room, where the pictures on the walls, the quaint old silver and bits of curiously cut glass all spoke of other and different days, and thence we would roam the world of literature and art. Keenly sensitive to all the good and beautiful in these, she had her favorites among the masters, for whom she was ready to do battle, and when her argument, instinct with fancy and vivid imagination, failed she swept away all opposing opinion with the swift rush of her enthusiasm, so that, though I felt she was beaten, I was left without words to reply. Shakespeare and Tennyson and Burns she loved, but not Shelley or Byron or even Wordsworth. Browning she knew not and therefore could not rank him with her noblest three, but when I read to her "A Death in the Desert" and came to the noble words at the end of the tale,

"For all was as I say, and now the man Lies as he once lay, breast to breast with God,"

the light shone in her eyes, and she said: "Oh, that is good and great! I shall get much out of him. I had always feared he was impossible." And "Paracelsus," too, stirred her. But when I recited the thrilling fragment, "Prosperity," on to that closing rapturous cry,

"Then a light, then thy breast— Oh, thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again."

And with God be the rest!"

the red color faded from her cheek, her breath came in a sob, and she rose quickly and passed out without a word. Ever after Browning was among her gods. But when we talked of music she, adoring Wagner, soared upon the

wings of the mighty "Tannhauser," far above, into regions unknown, leaving me to walk soberly with Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Yet with all our free, frank talk there was all the while that in her gentle courtesy which kept me from venturing into any chamber of her life whose door she did not set freely open to me. So I vexed myself about her, and when Mr. Craig returned the next day from the Landing, where he had been for some days, my first questions were:

"Who is Mrs. Mavor? And how, in the name of all that is wonderful and unlikely, does she come to be here? And why does she stay?"

He would not answer then. Whether it was that his mind was full of the coming struggle or whether he shrank from the tale I know not. But that night when we sat together beside his fire he told me the story while I smoked. He was worn with his long, hard drive and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked a mere girl. Let's see, five years ago—she couldn't have been a day over twenty-three. She looked barely twenty. Her swift glance swept over the group of miners at the hotel door and then rested on the mountains standing in all their autumn glory."

"I was proud of our mountains that evening. Turning to her husband, she exclaimed: 'Oh, Lewis, are they not grand and lovely too?'"

"Every miner lost his heart then and there, but all waited for Abe, the driver, to give his verdict before venturing an opinion. Abe said nothing until he had taken a preliminary drink, and then, calling all hands to fill up, he lifted his glass high and said solemnly: 'Boys, here's to her.'"

"Like a flash every glass was emptied, and Abe called out: 'Fill her up again, boys; my treat!'"

"He was evidently quite worked up. Then he began, with solemn emphasis: 'Boys, you hear me; she's a No. 1, triple X, the pure quill with a bead on it; she's a—'"

"And for the first time in his Black Rock history Abe was stuck for a word. Some one suggested 'angel.' 'Angel!' repeated Abe, with infinite contempt. 'Angel be blowed!' I paraphrase here. 'Angels ain't in the same month with her. I'd like to see any blanked angel swing my team around them curves without a shiver.'"

"Held the lines herself, Abe?" asked a miner.

"That's what," said Abe, and then he went off into a fusillade of scientific profanity expressive of his esteem for the girl who had swung his team round the curves, and the miners nodded to each other and winked their entire approval of Abe's performance, for this was his specialty.

"Very decent fellow, Abe, but his talk wouldn't print."

Here Craig paused, as if balancing Abe's virtues and vices.

"Well," I urged, "who is she?"

"Oh, yes," he said, recalling himself. "She is an Edinburgh young lady; met Lewis Mavor, a young Scotch-Englishman, in London, wealthy, good family and all that, but fast and going to pieces at home. His people, who own large shares in these mines here, as a last resort send him out here to reform. Curiously innocent ideas those old country people have of the reforming properties of this atmosphere. They send their young bloods here to reform—here in this devil's camp ground, where a man's lust is his only law and when, from sheer monotony, a man must betake himself to the only excitement of the place, that offered by the saloon. Good people in the east hold up holy hands of horror at these godless miners, but I tell you it's asking these boys a good deal to keep straight and clean in a place like this. I take my excitement in fighting the devil and doing my work generally, and that gives me enough, but these poor chaps, hard worked, homeless, with no break or change—God help them and me!" And his voice sank low.

"Well," I persisted, "did Mavor reform?"

Again he roused himself. "Reform? Not exactly. In six months he had broken through all restraint, and, mind you, not the miners' fault. Not a miner helped him down. It was a sight to make angels weep when Mrs. Mavor would come to the saloon door for her husband. Every miner would vanish. They could not look upon her shame, and they would send Mavor forth in charge of Billy Breen, a queer little chap who had belonged to the Mavors in some way in the old country, and between them they would get him home. How she stood it puzzles me to this day, but she never made any sign, and her courage never failed. It was always a bright, brave, proud face she held up to the world, except in church. There it was different. I used to preach my sermons, I believe, mostly for her—but never so that she could suspect—as bravely and as cheerily as I could, and as she listened, and especially as she sang—how she used to sing in those days!—there was no touch of pride in her face, but the courage never died out, but appeal, appeal! I could have cursed aloud the cause of her misery or wept for the pity of it. Before her baby was born he seemed to pull himself together, for he was quite mad about her, and from the day the baby came—talk about miracles!—from that day he never drank a drop. She gave the baby over to him, and the baby simply absorbed him."

"He was a new man. He could not drink whiskey and kiss his baby. And the miners—it was really absurd if it

were not so pathetic. It was the first baby in Black Rock, and they used to crowd Mavor's shop and peep into the room at the back of it—I forgot to tell you that when he lost his position as manager he opened a hardware shop, for his people chuckled him, and he was too proud to write home for money—just for a chance to be asked in to see the baby. I came upon Nixon standing at the back of the shop after he had seen the baby for the first time, sobbing hard, and to my question he replied: 'It's just like my own.'"

"You can't understand this, but to men who have lived so long in the mountains that they have forgotten what a baby looks like, who have had experience of humanity only in its roughest, foulest form, this little mite, sweet and clean, was like an angel fresh from heaven, the one link in all that black camp that bound them to what was purest and best in their past."

"And to see the mother and her baby handle the miners—oh, it was all beautiful beyond words! I shall never forget the shock I got one night when I found Old Ricketts nursing the baby. A drunken old beast he was, but there he was, sitting, sober enough, making extraordinary faces at the baby, who was grabbing at his nose and whiskers and cooing in blissful delight. Poor Old Ricketts looked as if he had been caught stealing and, muttering something about having to go, gazed wildly round for some place in which to lay the baby, when in came the mother, saying in her own sweet, frank way: 'Oh, Mr. Ricketts—she didn't find out till afterward his name was Shaw—' 'would you mind keeping her just a little longer? I shall be back in a few minutes.' And Old Ricketts guessed he could wait."

"But in six months the mother and baby between them transformed Old Ricketts into Mr. Shaw, fire boss of the mines, and when, in the evenings, when she would be singing her baby to sleep, the little shop would be full of miners, listening in dead silence to the baby songs and the English songs and the Scotch songs she poured forth without stint, for she sang more for them than for her baby. No wonder they adored her. She was so bright, so gay, that she brought light with her when she went into the camp, into the pits, for she went down to see the men work, or into a sick miner's shack, and many a man, lonely and sick for home or wife or baby or mother, found in that back room cheer and comfort and courage, and to many a poor broken wretch that room became, as one miner put it, 'the anteroom to heaven.'"

Mr. Craig paused, and I waited. Then he went on slowly:

"For a year and a half that was the happiest home in all the world till one day—"

He put his face in his hands and shuddered.

"I don't think I can ever forget the awful horror of that bright fall afternoon when Old Ricketts came breathless to me and gasped, 'Come, for the dear Lord's sake!' and I rushed after him. At the mouth of the shaft lay three men dead. One was Lewis Mavor. He had gone down to superintend the running of a new drift. The two men, half drunk with Slavin's whisky, set off a shot prematurely, to their own and Mavor's destruction. They were badly burned, but his face was untouched. A miner was sponging off the bloody froth oozing from his lips. The others were standing about waiting for me to speak, but I could find no word, for my heart was sick, thinking, as they were, of the young mother and her baby waiting at home. So I stood, looking stupidly from one to the other, trying to find some reason, coward that I was, why another should bear the news rather than I, and while we stood there, looking at one another in fear, there broke upon us the sound of a voice mounting high above the birch tops, singing: 'Will ye no' come back again? Will ye no' come back again? Better lo'd ye canna be, Will ye no' come back again?'"

"A strange terror seized us. Instinctively the men closed up in front of the body and stood in silence. Nearer and nearer came the clear, sweet voice, ringing like a silver bell up the steep: 'Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang, Liltin' wildly up the glen, But say tae me he sings as sang, Will ye no' come back again?'"

"Before the verse was finished Old Ricketts had dropped on his knees, sobbing out brokenly, 'O God, O God, have pity, have pity!' and every man took off his hat. And still the voice came nearer, singing so brightly the refrain: 'Will ye no' come back again?'"

"It became unbearable. Old Ricketts sprang suddenly to his feet and, gripping me by the arm, said piteously: 'Oh, go to her! For heaven's sake, go to her!'"

"I next remember standing in her path and seeing her holding out her hands full of red lilies, crying out: 'Are they not lovely? Lewis is so fond of them.' 'With the promise of much finer ones I turned her down a path toward the river, talking I know not what folly till her great eyes grew grave, then anxious, and my tongue stammered and became silent. Then, laying her hand upon my arm, she said, with gentle sweetness: 'Tell me your trouble, Mr. Craig, and I knew my agony had come, and I burst out: 'Oh, if it were only mine!' 'She turned quite white, and, with her deep eyes—you've noticed her eyes—drawing the truth out of mine, she said: 'Is it mine, Mr. Craig, and my baby's?'"

"I waited, thinking with what words to begin. She put one hand to her heart and with the other caught a little poplar tree that shivered under her

grasp and said, with white lips, but even more gently:

"Tell me."

"I wondered at my voice being so steady as I said:

"Mrs. Mavor, God will help you and your baby. There has been an accident, and it is all over."

"She was a miner's wife, and there was no need for more. I could see the pattern of the sunlight falling through the trees upon the grass. I could hear the murmur of the river and the cry of the catbird in the bushes, but we seemed to be in a strange and unreal world. Suddenly she stretched out her hands to me and with a little moan said: 'Take me to him.' 'Sit down for a moment or two,' I entreated."

"No, no; I am quite ready. See," she added quietly; "I am quite strong."

"I set off by a short cut leading to her home, hoping the men would be there ahead of us; but, passing me, she walked swiftly through the trees, and I followed in fear. As we came near the main path I heard the sound of feet, and I tried to stop her, but she, too, had heard and knew."

"Oh, let me go!" she said piteously. "You need not fear."

"And I had not the heart to stop her. In a little opening among the pines we met the bearers. When the men saw her, they laid their burden gently down upon the carpet of yellow pine needles, and then, for they had the hearts of true men in them, they went away into the bushes and left her alone with the dead. She went swiftly to his side, making no cry; but, kneeling beside him, she stroked his face and hands and touched his curls with her fingers, murmuring all the time soft words of love."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Of what does a bad taste in your mouth remind you? It indicates that your stomach is in bad condition and will remind you that there is nothing so good for such a disorder as Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets after having once used them. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach and regulate the bowels. For sale at 25 cents per box by S. E. WELCH, JR.

Necessary Expenses for Twelve Weeks' School.

Persons who board themselves can spend as much or little as they choose on living expenses. It pays to have a little extra money for lectures, books, and other things. But the necessary expenses are only as follows:

To pay the first day:		HOWARD	LADIES
School	Incidental Fee . . .	\$4.50	\$1.50
Ex-	Hospital Fee . . .	25	25
penses	Books, etc., about . . .	2.00	2.00
	General Deposit . . .	1.00	1.00
	Room (store, table, etc.) . . .	2.00	2.50
	Fuel and Oil . . .	2.50	3.00
	Rent of Laundry . . .	5.00	5.00
	First Month's Board . . .	17.25	18.75
Living	Ex-		
penses	To pay during the term:		
	Laundry . . .	1.50	5.00
	Beginning 2d Mo., Board . . .	5.00	5.00
	Beginning 3d Mo., Board . . .	5.00	5.00
		28.75	28.75
	Gen'l Deposit returned . . .	1.00	1.00
Total Expense, 12 Weeks . . .		\$71.75	\$77.75

For those below A Grammar deduct the \$2 for books, and \$1 for incidental fee, making the total only \$64.75.

When four girls room together each saves \$1 on room, and \$2 or more on fuel, making the total only \$61.75, if classed below A Grammar.

Fuel is 50 cents more in Winter and 50 cents less in Spring term.

Two rooms for housekeeping, with stoves, etc., can usually be rented for from \$4 to \$5 a term.

The price of a big calf, a little tan-bark, or a few home-spun bed-covers, will give a term of school which will change one's whole life for the better!

A Weak Stomach

Indigestion is often caused by over-eating. An eminent authority says the harm done thus exceeds that from the excessive use of alcohol. Eat all the good food you want but don't overload the stomach. A weak stomach may refuse to digest what you eat. Then you need a good digestant like Kodol, which digests your food without the stomach's aid. This rest and the wholesome tones Kodol contains soon restore health. Dieting unnecessary. Kodol quickly relieves the feeling of fullness and bloating from which some people suffer after meals. Absolutely cures indigestion.

Kodol Nature's Tonic. Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1 bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

Three Years in Richmond,

And out of all the sets of teeth that have been made at my office, if there is one set or any sets that show any defects, I will make a new set free. We are making the best set of teeth in the world for \$7.50, and if defects show in five years we give you a new set free. This applies to all the teeth I have made or am going to make the best alloy fills in the world at 75 cents.

DR. HOBSON, Dentist.

Permanently located in the Hobson Building—next door to Government Building.

Richmond, Kentucky.

Reference, Richmond National Bank.

Special Price to Students.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

Fathers and mothers sometimes complain that they cannot see the benefit of what their children learn at school. Any one who visits Berea can see the benefit of what the young people are learning here. Many a parent has waked up to realize how important it is that there should be some education for those who intend to be prosperous on the farm, in the shop, or in the home. Your neighbor's children are going to Berea. Shall yours be left behind?

Samuel G. Hanson has been nominated by President Roosevelt for Postmaster of Berea. Mr. Hanson is one of the oldest Republicans in the State, having begun by voting for Abraham Lincoln. He is a native of Bracken county, though long identified with Madison, and for a time engaged in business in Clark. He is a Trustee of Berea College, and has always been a promoter of all the best interests of our village. He was prominently mentioned for this office before the appointment of Mr. Hart, and inasmuch as those who opposed the reappointment of Mr. Hart were hopelessly divided the nomination of Mr. Hanson gives as nearly universal satisfaction as any nomination could. This is certainly to be said: those who have seen fewer years of service to the party and community can afford to wait and let such a pioneer receive merited recognition. No man could be more depended upon to make the office all that it should be. *A Patron.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce Geo. D. White, of Richmond, as candidate for Circuit Clerk of Madison county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Roy C. White as candidate for Circuit Court Clerk in Madison county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

BRICK FOR SALE.—About 250,000 first-class brick, very hard. Will sell all or part to suit purchaser. The brick may be seen on my farm near White's Station. Address or call on Geo. D. White, Richmond, Ky., or see man on the farm.

THE MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY
A. G. NORMAN & CO.,
CINCINNATI, June 3.

CATTLE—Common.....	\$2.50 @ \$4.00
Butchers.....	4.15 @ 6.25
Shippers.....	5.85 @ 6.50
CALVES—Choice.....	6.00 @ 6.50
Large Common.....	3.00 @ 5.00
HOGS—Common.....	5.70 @ 6.75
Fair, good light.....	6.25 @ 6.75
Packing.....	6.85 @ 7.10
SHEEP—Good to choice.....	4.35 @ 4.50
Common to fair.....	2.75 @ 4.25
LAMBS—Good to choice.....	5.35 @ 5.50
Common to fair.....	3.50 @ 5.00

WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	82 1/2 @ 83
CORN.....	64 @ 64 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.....	44 @ 45 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	80 @ 81
FLOUR—Winter patent.....	3.80 @ 4.10
" " fancy.....	3.55 @ 3.70
" " Family.....	3.05 @ 3.35
MILL FEED.....	19.00 @ 20.00
HAY—No. 1 Timothy.....	13.25 @ 13.50
" No. 2 ".....	11.50 @ 12.00
" No. 1 Clover.....	8.50 @ 9.00
" No. 2 ".....	8.00 @ 8.50

POULTRY—Fryers per lb.....	15
Heavy hens ".....	10
Roosters ".....	8
Turkey hens ".....	5
Ducks ".....	8
EGGS—Fresh near by.....	14

HIDES—Wet salted.....	6 1/2 @ 7 1/2
" No. 1 dry salt.....	9 @ 10
" Bull.....	6 @ 7
" Sheep skins.....	40 @ 50

TALLOW—Prime city.....	7 @ 7 1/2
" Country.....	6 1/2 @ 7

WOOL—Unwashed.....	17 @ 18
medium combing.....	22 @ 23
Washed long.....	23 @ 24
Tub washed.....	23 @ 24

FEATHERS—Geese, new nearly white.....	38 @ 43
" gray to average.....	28 @ 32
Duck, colored to white.....	28 @ 35
Chicken, white no quills.....	18
Turkey, body dry.....	12 @ 15

Spring Fever.

Spring fever is another name for biliousness. It is more serious than most people think. A torpid liver and inactive bowels mean a poisoned system. If neglected, serious illness may follow such symptoms. DeWitt's Little Early Risers remove all danger by stimulating the liver, opening the bowels and cleansing the system of impurities. Safe pills. Never gripe. "I have taken DeWitt's Little Early Risers for torpid liver every spring for years," writes R. M. Everly, Moundsville, W. Va. "They do me more good than anything I ever tried." For sale by East End Drug Co.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

NOTE.—THE CITIZEN is out a day ahead of time this week so that it could be distributed on Commencement Day. Our columns are so full, and we are crowded with work so that we cannot in this issue give adequate space and proper notice to the many interesting functions and happenings of this important week, but we will try and attend to the matter in our next number, June 12.

BEST BREAD at Bicknell & Early's.

Dr. Burgess returned from his trip North Friday.

The Colored Schoolhouse is to be painted right away.

Read what is said in the sermon this week about abolishing poverty.

The sermon this week gives us a good idea of true and practical religion.

Howard Embree arrived Thursday from Yale. He graduates here this year.

RICE & ARNOLD have the largest and best selection of straw hats in Richmond.

Hon. W. R. Ramsey was unable to attend on Decoration Day and deliver the address.

Rev. Henry M. Penniman came Saturday, and will be here for Commencement.

Our stock is full and complete, and our prices are the lowest. RICE & ARNOLD, Richmond, Ky.

Mrs. Eliza Mix, of Hartford, Conn., is a guest with President and Mrs. Frost, and will stay for Commencement.

Jas. Dalton has bought the Hardin Golden blacksmith shop and the land on which it stands. The price paid was \$400.

Madison County Annual Sunday-school Convention will be held at Richmond Monday and Tuesday, June 23 and 24.

T. A. Robinson, the Jeweler and Optician, will leave Berea about July 1, to open business in Richmond at the Armer stand.

Miss Maud Hankins, a former student at Berea, was married May 1, 1902, and is now Mrs. Goddard, residing in Seattle, Wash.

Covington & Banks, of Richmond, are making a big bid for trade in men's clothing. See their new advertisement on first page.

We are in the business to stay, and want your trade for Shoes, Hats and Men's Furnishings. Come and see us. RICE & ARNOLD, Richmond, Ky.

Miss Embree, class of '01 Berea, who has been visiting her sisters in Salt Lake City, has gone with her sister, Mrs. Miles, to Evanston, Wyo.

S. E. Welch, Jr., has acquired the business of C. C. Rhodus, and after Commencement will put in a full line of Hardware and Groceries at that stand.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hankins, of Pawnee City, Neb., are here for Commencement. Mr. Hankins is interested in gold mining operations in North Carolina.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Resident students who desire to attend the night school during vacation should confer with Principal Marsh or some other College officer at once.

Mrs. Edwin Fee with her two oldest daughters, of Clarksburg, Ind., arrived Thursday, May 29, for a visit with Mrs. Laura Fee Embree, and to attend Commencement.

FOUND.—A pocket book containing money, which the owner can have by applying to J. H. Overly, near Hickory Plains schoolhouse, proving property and paying for this advertisement.

The public school, white, Misses Tudor and Hays, teachers, closed the spring term with a public exhibition Thursday evening last. The attendance this spring was much larger than any year preceding.

Every young man and young woman should now point all plans toward the beginning of Berea College fall term, Sept. 10. The fall term is the best time to study. You have three months in which to get ready.

Howard and Will Embree, two Berea boys and alumni of Berea College, have secured appointment with a surveying party who go to make geological and mineralogic surveys this summer in Northern Canada.

Six quart tin pail, 10 cents.
Three cakes tar soap, 5 "
Four ounces smelling salts, 10 "
All first quality goods at THE TEN CENT STORE, next door to postoffice, Richmond, Ky.

Principal Parker, of the Blue Grass Normal and Industrial School of Keene, Ky., writes that Prof. W. H. Council, President of A. & M. College, Normal, Alabama, will speak in the interest of Principal Parker's school on Friday, June 20, in the Colored M. E. Church, Richmond, Ky.

You can buy

20 lbs. Granulated Sugar for \$1.
1 lb. Elmore's Rio Coffee " 11 cts.
2 lbs. Fresh Crisp Crackers " 9 "
25 bars Buttermilk Soap " 25 "
Pkg. Arm & Hammer Soda " 4 "
Number 2 Lamp Chimney, " 4 "
and other groceries, seeds, etc., at corresponding prices, at BLUE GRASS GROCERY, Richmond, Ky., Ed. Norris, Manager.

OUR COUNTY NEWS.

Richmond has a building boom.

The County Sunday-school Association will hold its annual convention in Richmond, Monday and Tuesday, June 23, 24.

D. P. Armer, for thirty-three years a leading jeweler in Richmond, has decided to leave for Richmond, Ind. He goes about July 1.

The examination for public school teachers is more rigid than usual this year. Of the twenty-four teachers examined last week, two secured first-class, eight second-class, and two third-class certificates. Twelve failed to reach the third-class mark.

Twenty-four white teachers applied for certificates to teach at the recent examination at Richmond. Two first-class certificates were granted, eight in the second grade and three in the third. Twelve applicants failed to pass. Seventeen colored teachers were examined. Nine received first-class certificates, five second-class were given and three failed to receive certificates. The examining board was J. Wm. Wagers, Superintendent, John Noland and Miss Lena R. Stivers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Parents and young people should now lay their plans for the opening of the Berea College fall term, Sept. 10. In the fall term are the best chances for getting work to help out on expenses, and the fall is the time for study. We have more than three months in which to get ready.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

DISPUTANTA.

George Morgan died Tuesday, May 27.—Miss Nancy Lake, of Berea, visited friends here last week.—Miss Ella Shearer, who has had malaria fever for some time, is no better.—Mrs. Nora McGuire and family, of Crooked Creek, were here on a visit last week.—T. F. Abney and sister Lydia, of Berea, were the guests of Parrie Lee Abney last Saturday and Sunday.—Miss Nora Owens, of this place, visited relatives at Climax last Sunday.—Miss Mary Owens, of Orlando, who returned home sick, is convalescent.—Misses Lucy Abrams and Eva King, of Climax, were the guests of the Misses Owens last Sunday.—O. M. Payne, merchant of this place, says the drummers won't give him time to replant his corn.

CONWAY.

Rev. Dan Phelps, of Cartersville, was here Monday.—Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Jones were calling on friends here Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McCollum, of Berea, spent Saturday here with friends and relatives.—Jesse Dyke attended Court at Richmond Monday.—Died on Friday, May 30, at her home near Boone, Mrs. Eph. Branaman, of consumption. Burial on Saturday at Scaffold Cane. J. H. Sigmon went to Scaffold Cane on a strawberry hunt.—Tazwell Huff is on the sick list.—A band of gypsies with their wagons passed through here recently, trading horses and telling fortunes.—R. M. Johnston came home from Richmond Friday, returning Monday.—Two light frosts on May 27, 28 did but slight damage.—F. M. Carter is drilling for oil, and expects to find it at 280 feet.

BOURBON COUNTY.

MILLERSBURG.

Miss Reath Green is on the sick list.—Miss Amanda Price is visiting friends in Carlisle, Ky.—Mrs. Annie Thomson, of Shippsville, is very sick.—Mrs. Fannie Harris, of Richmond, Ky., is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller.—Miss Tabitha Simson is very sick.—The Epworth League will give a musical entertainment Saturday night.—Mrs. Martha Brown will give a moonlight fete Saturday night.

OWSLEY COUNTY.

GABBARD.

Our farmers are all done planting corn and are now "hoeing over" their crops.—Thos. Gabbard, the "little drummer," of Booneville, was here a few days last week.—Hayden Reynolds, of Cow Creek, visited his cousin Meredith Gabbard, Sunday.—Miss Mary Combs and cousin, of Wolf Creek, visited friends here Saturday and Sunday.—Several young folks had a pleasant time "Service hunting," Sunday afternoon.—We had a good rain Monday, which was followed by a very sudden change of temperature.—Mrs. Leander Reynolds, of Cow Creek, who is agent for the Elkhorn Woolen Mills, was here Monday securing wool for the mills.—L. F. Cole purchased a good team of oxen of A. J. Chandler lately.—C. B. Gabbard raised some extra fine strawberries.—There were services at the schoolhouse near C. B. Gabbard's Saturday and Sunday. There was to have been a funeral service, but Rev. Kagan being absent it was postponed. Rev. L. C. Roberts conducted the meeting.—Don't forget to have THE CITIZEN visit you, because you will ever find it your friend.

MADISON COUNTY.

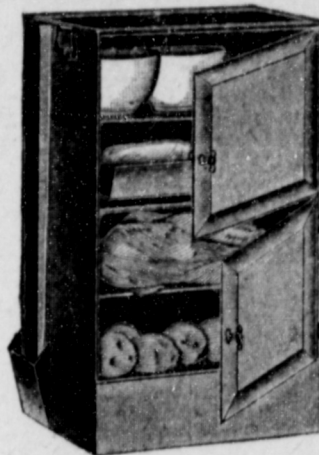
WALLACETON.

Farmers in this locality are busy plowing their corn.—Misses Sarah and Alice Dawson have gone to Berea, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Welch this week.—Oscar Hiatt is with his parents again after eight months in Ohio.—Mrs. Katie Moody will start to Texas June 2 to join her husband.—G. B. Gabbard has just returned from McKee, where he spent a week visiting relatives and friends.—Frank Taylor lost a fine mare last week. She was bitten by a mad dog some time ago.—Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Gabbard and daughter Mary attended Decoration Day at Berea, and report a good time.—The Lancaster Oil Company has struck oil on the farm of Elisha Johnston, near Cartersville.—Morgan Ballard and some other men while logging near Cartersville, one day last week, killed nine rattlesnakes.

PEYTONTOWN.

Miss Lena Martin was entertained by Mrs. Alex. Turner recently.—Your correspondent attended Decoration Day exercises at Richmond.—Miss Addell Phillips visited Mrs. F. E. Campbell Saturday.—Rev. I. Miller was at Davistown last Sunday.—Andrew Miller has gone back to Springfield, Ohio.—Several of our people attended church at New Liberty Sunday.—J. C. Burnam and wife visited his parents last Sunday.—Alonzo Campbell returned from Cincinnati Sunday night.—Mrs. Margaret A. Tevis and Mrs. G. W. Gates are spending a week in Louisville.

SUMMER COOKING A PLEASURE



If you use the
Ohio Steam Cooker
with doors.

Saves fuel, labor and food. Cooks anything better than can be done in any other way. Cooks a full dinner over one burner or stove hole. Meats, vegetables, puddings, sauces, bread, etc., all at once, one does not flavor the other. Everything cooked to perfection. If you want to look at your dinner just open the door. No burnt fingers. Doors are steam tight. Guaranteed. Saves its cost in a short time. Food cannot be spoiled while cooking nor by waiting for the folks to come. Positively no odor. Just the thing for canning fruit. Prices from \$4 to \$5.50. Lasts for years. Come and see one at the

Citizen Office,
or write to
JOHN DODWELL, Berea, Ky.
Agents wanted. Good pay.

Ohio College of Dental Surgery

Dept. of Dentistry
Univ. of Cincinnati

Central Ave. and Court
Street, CINCINNATI, O.

THIS COLLEGE was organized in 1845, and the 57th Annual Session begins about October 1st, 1902. Three sessions of seven months each are required for graduation. This is the first Dental College established in the West. It is co-educational and has a teaching corps of twenty instructors. Its buildings are modern, and well adapted to the requirements of modern dental education, and its clinics are unsurpassed. Optional Spring and Fall Courses in clinical instructions are also given. Fees are \$100 each session. For information and Announcement, address H. A. Smith, D. D. S., Dean; 116 Garfield Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The EGGS
the coffee roaster uses
to glaze his coffee with—
would you eat that kind of
eggs? Then why drink them?
Lion Coffee
has no coating of storage eggs,
glue, etc. It's coffee—pure,
unadulterated, fresh, strong
and of delightful flavor
and aroma.
Uniform quality and
freshness are insured
by the sealed package.

We promptly obtain U. S. and foreign
PATENTS
Send model, sketch or photo of invention for
free report on patentability. For free book,
How to Secure
TRADE-MARKS
Patents and Announcements, write to
CASNOW & CO.
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.
Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.
"Your Kidney and Backache Cure has cured two very bad cases among our customers the past year whom the doctors had given up. J. L. STILL & CO., Woodland, Ia."
Druggists, 50c., \$1. Ask for Cook Book—Free.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure, Circular, Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N.Y.

Canvasser Wanted

to sell PRINTERS' INK, a journal for advertisers, published weekly at five dollars a year. It teaches the science and practice of Advertising, and is highly esteemed by the most successful advertisers in this country and Great Britain. Liberal commission allowed. Address
PRINTERS' INK,
10 Spruce St., New York.



Chicago College of Dental Surgery

(Dental Department of Lake Forest University.)
Twenty-first Annual Course
of instruction will begin Oct. 1st, 1902. In order to complete the course of instruction in three years it is necessary to enter the coming session—1902-1903—as a four year course will be required thereafter. For illustrated catalogue address
DR. TRUMAN W. BROPHY, Dean,
Wood & Harrison Sts., Chicago.

PAINT! PAINT!

That house, that carriage as well as the kitchen and pantry floor.

USE BANNER PAINT

For outside, we have all colors, quality can't be excelled and price never matched.

Floor Paint

We have all colors, and sizes of cans, if you need but little we have small cans. Paint the floor at night and walk on it next morning.

Carriage Paint

Good carriage paint is made first of good, durable varnish, that will stand wear, into which is ground the pigments or colors.

YOU CAN FIND THE BEST ALWAYS AT

WELCH'S

A POOR MILLIONAIRE
Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by all drugstores.
My little son had an attack of whooping cough and was threatened with pneumonia; but for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy we would have had a serious time of it. It also saved him from several severe attacks of croup.—H. J. STRICKFADEN, editor World-Herald, Fair Haven, Wash. For sale by S. E. WELCH, Jr.

WEEKLY,
The Citizen, 50c a year